

ernment. The services they performed, the supreme sacrifices they offered—all in support of the cause of human liberty—transcended all previous efforts in this respect, nor have they ever been equaled since. But the test has come to the present generation of Americans, and it remains to be seen whether they can rise to the same high plane of citizenship and demonstrate by their deeds that they are worthy to wear the mantle of their remarkable sires.

The forefathers of the republic made a straight-forward declaration of their determination to assert their rights and become a free people, and then they immediately set about to obtain their object by practical effort. To this end they solemnly pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. They accomplished their high purpose because of the supreme offerings that were cheerfully heaped upon the altars of a common sacrifice.

We, too, have made a declaration to mankind that we propose to assert these same rights and make the world safe for democracy. Our purpose is just as high, just as holy, as that expressed in the immortal document which is the source of all our blessings; but are we prepared to match our high-sounding declaration with a devotion commensurate with the mighty cause we espouse? Will we make the supreme sacrifice, if necessary, and are we ready to offer up our blood and treasure without reluctance or reservation to the end that the republic may weather the storms that now beset her? If so, then when peace finally comes to earth it will pronounce a marvelous benediction upon this generation of Americans, and they will be glorified in the splendor of their own achievements.

This is the all absorbing question that we should take to our hearts on Independence day. And as we commune, each citizen with himself, there should come the conviction that we can no longer afford to borrow glory from the illustrious past; that henceforth it shall simply serve as a source of inspiration to the American people as they sweep on to the mighty tasks of a larger day. Should this spirit take possession of our souls, then will the anniversary of the birth of the republic have been truly observed.

The Bond Election

THE decisive defeat of the proposed bond issue, sorry to say, must be taken as a distinct repudiation of the city administration. All other questions aside, the election unfortunately resolved itself into a vote of confidence in the commissioners and the result tells its own story.

For this situation the commissioners have themselves to blame. Had they gone about the matter in a business-like manner from the start, the result would have been different and the city would be in better circumstances today. But their pet policy of indecision prevailed, as usual, and when they did finally decide to show a little backbone it was too late. They must realize by now that their notorious inclination to try to please everybody, including themselves, is poor business even in public office.

Of course, opposition politics had something to do with the result of the election, as did the prevalent scare of war taxes; but this opposition could have been successfully combated had the administration pursued the proper course from the outset. Then there is every reason to believe that somebody broke faith with the clearing house association. This organization carefully reviewed the state of the city's finances and originally endorsed the proposal to bond, provided certain objectionable items were eliminated from the schedule of improvements. The municipal bath-house at the Warm Springs was included in the items vetoed. Yet when the commission passed the formal resolution submitting

the improvement program to the taxpayers, it was found that this item had been reinstated in the schedule. By that one act the commission forfeited the support of the men whose advice they sought and whose support was once available, and tied a millstone around the neck of the whole proposition.

MIGHT—RIGHT.

George S. Patton, Jr.

WHEN man in the dark beginning
The brutish shape set by
He stood alone in the forest,
To conquer or to die.

His only urge was hunger,
Of belly or of lust.
His only Right his hairy Might:
Courage his only trust.

Thus he learned that to fight was noble;
Thus he learned that to shirk was base;
Thus he conquered the creatures one and
all,
And founded a warrior race.

He fought with the mammoth and orox,
When the coal fields were forests dark.
He vanquished them not by Justice;
But by brawn and a mighty heart.

But dream for a moment this man of might,
Had been of the Pacifist clay?
And had crooned to the tigers of ethical
right,
Or had begged of the wolves fair play.

When the cave man sat in his stinking lair,
With his low browed mate hard by;
Gibbering the while he sank his teeth
In a new killed reindeer's thigh.

What would he have thought, could his
foggy brain,
Have pictured our hapless day,
When craven souls of dreaming fools
Should habit our human clay.

When cowards born of Fear and Greed
Should preach to kindred slaves;
That Right may stand by its self alone,
And needs not Might to save.

They speak but lies these sexless souls,
Lies born of fear and strife
And nurtured in soft indulgence
They see not War is Life.

They do not dare admit the truth,
Though writ in letters red,
That man shall triumph now as then
By blood, which man has shed.

Dreading the word plain written,
In wrecks of empires lost.
That those who trust to Words, not Force,
As slaves shall pay the cost.

Come to think of it, we are inclined to seriously question the sincerity of a certain commissioner's support of the bond program. His insistence that the Warm Springs and park improvement items be included in the schedule in all probability had a double object. In case the bond issue was authorized he wanted his share of the pudding, as was quite natural; but we believe

his main idea was to saddle such a load on the proposition at the start that it would fall of its own weight. The game was well planned and executed, for the other commissioners—desiring to preserve unanimity at all hazards—fell for the trick and there you are.

As matters now stand, the city is in a bad way for funds and the probabilities are that all improvement work will necessarily have to come to a standstill. This, unless the taxes are materially increased, and we doubt that the commissioners will have the nerve to resort to this method of raising additional revenues, justifiable as it might be under the circumstances. But in one way or another, the city will have to manage to shift along until better days come. In the meanwhile it is to be hoped that this apparent spasm of public economy will not extend into the regular business channels of the community, for if it does it will paralyze the city beyond all calculation. Enough damage has been done already.

Garibaldi

WE are reminded that Giuseppe Garibaldi was born on July 4th, 1807. What a remarkable coincidence that this wonderful Italian patriot should have had the same birthday as the great republic from which he drew his inspiration and constructed his ideals! It would seem as though the kindly fates, who stand at watch over the destinies of freedom-loving peoples everywhere, conspired together to fix this man's arrival on earth on a date irrevocably associated with the establishment of the first government to respect human rights and guarantee civil and religious liberty to all men.

Garibaldi was the Washington of his country and in many respects he evidenced a striking similarity to the great American. His memoirs of his campaign for the liberation of Italy from the obnoxious rule of the Bourbons reminds the reader of our own Revolution. The experience he encountered with his small and scantily equipped band of compatriots—the "Thousand," as they were termed—recalls the circumstances surrounding the campaign of Washington and his little Continental army. In fact, one cannot read these memoirs without becoming profoundly impressed with the thought that much of it closely parallels American history.

For instance, in the account of his first great battle—that of Calatafimi—he tells how the charge was ordered by "the blare of the bugles, sounding an American reveille." Then his description of the charge up the mountainside; how in vain the trumpets sounded a halt; how the inspired patriots ignored the orders of their officers and swept ahead of their own momentum until the heights were reached and the impossible accomplished—all this recalls the sudden and successful charge of one wing of the Union army up Lookout Mountain, notwithstanding the commander-in-chief's direct orders to the contrary and the frenzied attempts of the subordinate officials to hold the men back.

When Garibaldi had finally succeeded in driving the Bourbon dynasty from the country and reuniting Italy, he proclaimed allegiance to her rightful ruler, Victor Emmanuel, on condition that he would hold the restored nation intact and rule in the interest of all the people. Here was a popular hero, sprung from the common people, who had freed his people and given a kingdom to his sovereign. One can search the pages of history in vain for the name of a nobler spirit. For, after completing his work, he laid down all power, refused high honors, wealth and titles, and went far away to his island home to gain a livelihood with his own hands—there to spend his last days rejoicing in solitude over the good fortune that had come to his beloved land.